THE VIRDEN ADVANCE

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NEWSY NOTES

Mr. John Roach, the Philadelphia ship-builder, is an Irishman from the neighborhood of Mitchellstown, in the county of Cork.

Brandy used to be the drink *par excellence* of the Southerner. It was displaced by whiskey; and now whiskey is giving way to wine, ale, and beer

An organ of the London printing trade reminds its readers that Lord Salisbury was a strong opponent of reduction of duties on newspaper stamps and paper, so that printers have no cause to love him.

Prince Louis of Battenberg is an excellent practical printer, and once when his ship reached a small port where no one was competent to print the programmes required for a dance given by the officers, the Prince came forward and undertook the work.

Clams to the number of a dozen or so fell recently from a clear sky at Mamscato, Minn, the velocity of their decent shattering the shells. The clams were alive and about four inches in length. The phenomenon, it is said, was witnessed by several trustworthy men.

The colored people of New Bedford had a memorial meeting in honor of Gen. Grant the other evening, at which addresses were made by several clergymen. One of the speakers electrified the assemblage with this declaration: "I believe that when such names as Hannibal shall have been lost in the vortex of revolution, the name of U.S. Grant shall shine like the morning star in the military diadem."

A preacher in Youngstown, Ohio, having declared from his pulpit—"on the authority of a prominent physician"—that "no less than six ladies belonging to the best circles require his attendance every month for delirium tremens," the doctors have held a meeting, pronounced the statement to be ridiculous, and demanded that the name of the "prominent physician" shall be given. This the clergyman promises to do.

An entirely new kind of bank note, printed in colors, instead of the black and white of the Bank of England notes, is being prepared for issue by the Bank of Scotland. The chief novelty of the new note is in its colors, which will, of course, make reproduction by photography impossible, and, it is believed, will prevent forgery. The paper on which the bank note is printed is made by the same firm that produces the Bank of England note.

The place of the Keeper of the Royal Tennis Court is vacant through the death of the Right Hon. W. Beresford, the last holder of the sinecure, which is worth $6,000 a year. For this pittance the Governor is expected to visit the court once a year and see that it still exists. A somewhat similar sinecure is the Governorship of Duck Pond Island, a piece of ground about as large as the assembly room in the Cooper Institute, created by the Merry Monarch, the salary is $7,500.

A London paper says: "A telegram from Belgium, to the effect that the dock laborers on the Scheldt have consented to the erection of a grain elevator, reminds one that less than 'sixty years since' such an exhibition of labor-saving machinery as that now being held at South Kensington would have been impossible. If attempted, it would have been wrecked by an infuriated mob A good deal of enlightenment on the subject of machinery and hand labor has taken place since then."

Crinoline seems to be exceedingly ancient. Hesiod, who wrote in the eighth century before Christ, must have observed something of the kind, for he advises young men not to be led astray by certain women of his day who wore their clothes puffed out behind. If dress improvers were actually worn by the Greek women of Hesiod's day it is not improbable that they were also worn 200 years earlier, and that Helen, when she fled with Paris to troy, wore some primitive kind of crinoline.

San Francisco continues one of the healthiest cities in the world, with an annual death rate of 19.58 per thousand, which is lower than the death rate in thirteen foreign cities and eleven American cities selected for comparison—that is to say, of foreign cities, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, Stockholm, Buenos Ayres, Dublin, Belfast, Berlin, Munich, and Hamburg; and of American cities, New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans, Charleston, Baltimore, Savannah, and Richmond.

The champion family for elaborate names it is to be found near Hardee, Ark. The father's name is Elisha Shirley, his wife's name is Harriet Susannah Maria Jane Shirley, and their oldest daughter, 15 years old, is called Ann Elizabeth Dixie Shirley. Then comes Benjamin Kirby Smith General Hardee Shirley, aged 13; Robert Emee Napoleon Bonaparte Lee Wilkes Booth Shirley, who is 9 years old; John Thomas Emanual Forest Champion Gatewood Shirley is 7 years old, while Joseph Wheeler Zollicoffer Stonewall Jackson Sam Hildebrand Sterling Prince Shirley is 5 years old. The family ends with Mary Virginia South Carolina Florida Georgia Alabama Louisiana Shirley, who is 3 years old. Surely it would be hard to beat this.

Conversation on Olive street: Young Swell—"What made you pull us when we were on a little tear last night and have our names put in the papers?" Policeman—"Oh, I was simply unveiling a bust. That's fashionable nowadays."

Summer resort hotels are putting on big adjectives and otherwise keeping pace with the season. Mossenbaum, who keeps the "Boudoir," was taken to task for stretching his advertisement too much. "Hi there, Mose," said a friend, "I see you advertise that your rooms have been enlarged." "So dey haf." "But there have been no carpenters at work on your place." "No! Wait till I tole you; I haf scraped der paper off dose wall. See!"

Growing Old.

Growing old! The pulses' measure
Keeps its even tenor still;
Eye and hand nor fail nor falter,
And the brain obeys the will;
Only by the whitening tresses,
And the deepening wrinkles told,
Youth has passed away like vapor;
Prime is gone, and I grow old.

Laughter hushes at my presence,
Gay young voices whisper lower,
If I dare to linger by it,
All the stream of life runs slower,
Though I love the mirth of children,
Though I prize youth's virgin gold,
What have I to do with either?
Time is telling—I grow old.

Not so dread the gloomy river
That I shrank from so of yore;
All my first of love and friendship
Gather on the further shore,
Were it not the best to join them
Ere I feel the blood run cold?
Ere I hear it said too harshly,
"Stand back from us—you are old!"

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

CHAPTER VI.—(Concluded.)

But the first words I hear distinctly put that project out of my head at once and forever.

"But this cannot go on"—I hear every word, sharp and clear. "She will begin to suspect something. Even yesterday on the island you saw how vexed she was—the child is not a fool, Erroll, though you seem to think she is."

"Of course it is our object to keep her in the dark as long as possible. But any one but a fool would have guessed our secret long ago."

"Your mother does not guess it."

"Because she has persuaded herself that I am in love with Lisle."

"Poor little Lisle!"

It is she who pities me, and not him! Fiend as I think her, I remember that. And yet I loved him so much better than I loved her!

"I wonder how she can imagine for a moment that any man would look at her while you were in the room," Erroll laughs, amused.

"You act very well," Judith's voice answers, with a shadow of reproach in it. "Perhaps you are also amusing yourself at my expense?"

"You think that Judith?"

"No, I do not think it. I know you love me as far as you are capable of loving any woman."

"Judith!"

"I love you," she says simply. "At all events I am sure of that."

"And I love you! Ah, give me one, Judith! You know I love you with my whole heart and soul."

There is a quick kiss, and Judith says hurriedly—

"We must go in, Erroll. If they think we are together all this time!"

"But think of how dearly I pay for these few stolen moments with you, darling!"

"I think it is Lisle who pays for them. Ah, poor Lisle"

Lisle has never even dreamed of such love as we feel for each other, Judith."

"I hope not, poor child!"

Poor child! She calls me poor child; but he never utters one single word of pity for me from first to last.

"She will marry somebody else before the year is out, and forget all about me."

"We have treated her cruelly between us, Erroll."

"It could not be helped—we could meet in no other way. If you had let me go to the Vicarage——"

"Don't you think my enemies, persecutors, and slanderers were bitter enough without giving them any real cause for complaint?"

"Well, I acknowledge that you were right about that," he says a little sulkily. "Judith, sometimes I think you do not love me as well as I love you."

"Why do you think so?"

"You think of what people will say. I think of nothing but you."

"Of nothing but yourself, you mean."

"Judith—I who have never cared for any woman but you, who never forgot you in all these years—I wish you loved me even half as well as I love you!"

"You need not doubt the quality of my love," she answers, her quiet tone contrasting curiously with the passion in his. "I love you, Erroll, and I shall love you till the day I die."

"I think you will. I do not think it could be possible for two people to love each other as we do and forget. That is the only comfort I have."

"Erroll, I must go now. No; you cannot come with me! I have to remind you of that so often"—and she laughs.

"It is awfully hard!" he answers impatiently.

I hear her step passing up the alley towards the house. He will probably come round this way. I straighten myself from the crouching attitude in which I have been listening for what has seemed to me an infinity of torment, and turn to meet him like some small miserable wild animal brought to bay by a great dog.

CHAPTER VII, and Last.

"You here, Lisle!" Erroll exclaims, the moment he catches sight of me, standing up in the middle of the long green alley, facing him, my hands clenched, my face deathly pale.

"Yes, I am here."

"And I suppose," he says, looking at me while his own color changes—"I suppose you have been eavesdropping?"

"Yes—if you choose to call it so."

"With the usual result?" he asks, with the first sneer I have ever seen on his handsome mouth.

"I certainly did not hear any good of myself—or of you."

"Perhaps it was just as well that you did hear," he goes on, recovering his composure. "I for one am tired of this little game."

"Oh, Erroll"—it is my last despairing cry—"how could you have pretended to love me? How could you be so cruel, so—so base?"

"I never loved you!"

"I know that now. But I was so young and foolish, and—and I loved you so much!"

"Pshaw!" he exclaims, turning on his heel. "You know no more of what love really means than that little white cloud floating up there in the sky!"

I stand looking after him, but he never turns his head. "I never loved you!" The words ring in my ears, the green alley swims round me, the hedge bobs up and down; I cover my eyes with my hands with one despairing moan, and sink down in a heap upon the mossy walk.

. . . .

They find me a few minutes later, Mrs. Rutherfurd having sent them all to search for me, alarmed by my non-appearance at luncheon. At first they think I am dead, but the Doctor, who is sent for immediately, pronounces it to be a fainting-fit only, probably brought on by the heat of the sun. I do not rave at all, or betray my miserable secret in any way as I return to consciousness, and I am glad of it. But I will not have Judith near me, which surprises Mrs. Rutherfurd, or would have surprised her if she had not accounted for it by the disorder of my brain. Neither will I remain a single hour longer than I can help at Velfry.

Mrs. Rutherfurd is exceedingly anxious that I should stay quietly in my own room there for the next day or two at least, promising that no one shall come near me but herself. But I will not have the carriage countermanded, and Mrs Rutherfurd is afraid to thwart me. Before five o'clock I am lying in my own bed at Oslerbrook, with the curtains drawn and aunt Theodosia sitting silently knitting in the big old-fashioned arm-chair at the foot of the bed. Here I can weep and weep and weep, and no one be the wiser. Here I can groan deep in my misery, for dear old aunt Theodosia is too deaf to hear. Judith has had her revenge on Mrs. Rutherfurd; but she has broken my heart!

. . . .

It is three months before I leave that bed again—during some of that time a great many people thought I should never leave it again alive. But youth and a good constitution pulled me through—that and the care those four good women bestowed on the graceless child who had defied them when she was strong and well.

They never grow weary, they are never impatient; they bear with me as my own might—they seem to me like angels, withered and old and homely as they are, when they bend over me through the long weary night-watches, putting cool bandages on my hot miserable forehead, lumps of cold delicious ice on my parched tongue. They are always there, one or other of them; in the dead of the night I see them, sitting in the big chair, the candles throwing their shadows grotesquely upon the opposite wall, their spectacles on their noses, their Bibles open on their knees, their placid old faces so calm and peaceful, shedding an answering peace into my soul.

If I get well, I will be good to them always—never laugh at them, never call them odd, or old, or ugly, never disobey them in thought or word or deed.

If I get well! But if I do not? If I die—I, Lisle Warburton—if I die, and am put into a coffin and buried beside my mother in the shady old church-yard on the hill! I think perhaps that will be better—better even than to live to show my gratitude to my aunts.

They will soon know how grateful I am to them. They must soon die, all of them. and in Heaven I can tell them—my mother too—she will tell them——

"This is some nice lemonade, dear. Won't you try to drink it?"

Aunt Theodosia is bending over me. Aunt Anchoretta is standing at the foot of the bed, wiping her spectacles. Aunt Emily is crying silently near the fire.

"What is aunt Emily crying for? Am I going to die? Tell her not to cry. I—I don't mind."

"You are not going to die, dear child. You are going to get well."

"To get well?"

"Yes. But you must not speak—you are very weak yet. Drink this and go to sleep again."

. . . .

"Aunt Anchoretta, why are you shaking your head?"

I am sitting in an arm-chair in the drawing-room at Oslerbrook. The window beside me stands wide open, but the October air is warm, and I am well wrapped-up in the fleecy white shawl aunt Anna has knitted for me. My lap is full of flowers, late roses, and stock and mignonnette from aunt Theodosia's garden, which I am arranging into bouquets for the school children to wear at some *fete* or other to-morrow. My fingers are not of much use to me yet, they are so stiff and feeble; but I love to touch the flowers, and aunt Emily will tie each bouquet over again afterwards.

"Was I shaking my head, dear?"

"Indeed you were—till I thought it would fall off!"

I laugh feebly at my own joke. Aunt Anchoretta crosses the room to my window.

"Do you remember Judith Irving, Lisle?"

"Yes—quite well."

My heart does not beat faster; I am not conscious of any pang of recollection—only of a vague, numb, curious feeling, such as one sometimes experiences when an old wound is touched which has long since been healed.

"We never liked her," aunt Anchoretta says gravely. "She was not a girl we could esteem. I do not wish to speak uncharitably of any one, but I always had an idea that she would not turn out well."

"What has she done?"

"You remember Erroll Rutherford?"

"Yes," I answer, in the same dreamy, scarcely interested way.

Aunt Anchoretta, looking at me, sighs a sigh of intense relief.

"He was another person of whom I had a poor opinion, though at one time we all thought he meant to turn over a new leaf and—and marry a girl who would have pulled him up instead of dragging him down. But now, it seems, these two have put a climax to all their foolish doings by running away with each other!"

"By running away?"

"So it seems. This letter is from Mrs. Rutherfurd, who is heartbroken about it. It seems that Erroll has nothing, and Miss Irving less. How they are to live nobody knows but themselves."

"Aunt Anchoretta, do you like pink roses and mignonnette together—so?"

I hold up the little bouquet for her inspection, smiling; and she, approving of it, proceeds to make two or three after the same pattern. I do not ask another question, nor does aunt Anchoretta allude to her letter any more, so completely has my old love dream faded away—so completely have I forgotten the lover whose

> "Honour, rooted in dishonour, stood,
> Whose faith, unfaithful, kept him falsely true."

. . . .

"What brings Ralph Rutherfurd here so often?"

It is aunt Theodosia who asks the question. And she asks it of me, looking at me over the edge of the wheelbarrow as she stoops to gather up the pile of weeds she has raked together on the garden walk.

"How should I know, aunt Theodosia?"

"I thought you might, that was all!"

Do I know? I stand by the wheelbarrow, looking down dreamily at the clean-swept path. It is just a year since I came to Oslerbrook—a year this very day. The May sunshine lies warm on aunt Theodosia's flower-beds, on the overblown evening primroses on the budding lily-of-the-valley. I have got on a fresh brown linen gown, prettily made, with big pearl buttons, and a Zulu hat. My hair has grown again; but only into a crop of babyish short curls. And I feel quite strong and well again, and have grown brown and sunburnt, riding my pony over the breezy hills and through the long green winding lanes; but, though my wings that were clipped have grown again, I never feel in the least inclined to fly away. I love Oslerbrook—the peace, the serene quiet, the quaint, formal, sunny days, the sweet calm nights through which I sleep so soundly, tired by the loving attendance to give which is the one great object of my life. Those feeble hands shall do nothing that mine can do instead; those faltering steps shall always be steadied by my strong young arm.

They may be peevish sometimes, and obstinate, and apt to think their own old way the best; but I can bear with them—no sharp word shall ever pass my lips, no slight hint that their monotonous, often-repeated stories are not as fresh and delightful to me as the very newest number of my favourite "monthly;" no yawn shall betray how their late hours weary me, no smile show that I am conscious of the quaint mistakes they make, or their still quainter correction of each other. I love them, and I count my service nothing for the love I bear them—they are so good, so old, so near the awful verge of that eternity of which they do not seem to be afraid.

"I guessed he was coming here!"

The words rouse me from my reverie. Ralph Rutherfurd has turned in at the low white gate—is riding up the avenue. At the door he dismounts from his horse; old Taylor takes the bridle. In another minute he is standing beside me in Aunt Theodosia's garden in his plain riding dress, his whip in his hand, but a grave smile in his quiet hazel eyes.

"Are you busy, Lisle?"

"Not very busy," I answer, smiling.

"Because I wanted to speak to you."

"To speak to me?"

He makes no answer to that, moving slowly down the clean-swept garden-walk, and so constraining me to keep him company.

"Lisle, have you ever wondered why I came to Oslerbrook so often?"

"I have—sometimes."

"And what reason did you give yourself?"

"I thought you came to ask for me—at first, when I was ill."

"And afterwards?"

"I thought you took an interest in me because I had been so very near death."

"I took an interest in you from the very first day you came to Velfry, Lisle."—

"You?"

"Yes, I. But I thought—then—that you cared for some one else."

"So I did!" I answer, smiling.

"You have got over that?"—"Quite."

"So I thought—long ago. But I am so old and grave, Lisle—so much older than you, I mean. Could you ever care for me?"

Have I not been caring for him ever since those convalescent days when he had ridden over to Oslerbrook, and sat on the low sill of the drawing-room window, holding his horse's bridle over his arm and talking to me in his grave, pleasant, curiously diffident way.

"Lisle, could you ever care for me enough to marry me?"

"I might—some day."

"Lisle, my darling, do you care for me now?"

Aunt Theodosia is a little deaf, but she is not at all blind. And I suppose she distinctly sees Ralph Rutherfurd put his arm round me and draw my head down to his breast. Perhaps she even sees him kiss me! But I am so happy that I do not grudge her the satisfaction I know she derives from the proceeding, absurd as it must look to a third party.

"But I cannot leave my aunts, Ralph."

"You shall come to them every day, darling, as long as they live."

And, with this assurance to comfort me, I plight my troth.

THE END.

Prof. Bell at Work.

Prof. Bell is actively at work upon problems of sound and electricity in a way that promises an invention of far greater importance, scientifically and practically, and the telephone itself. His laboratory is an old-fashioned two-story house on Connecticut avenue, in the neighborhood of the British Legation, Washington. He also has a private and secret laboratory over in Georgetown, where at present he has a most skillful workman engaged upon the forthcoming instrument. What is it, is known only to the professor and the man who is working at the idea. The inventor has said to his friend that if he succeeds, the new idea will yield him greater returns than the telephone has. It is suspected, however, by those who have given some attention to the course of Prof. Bell's thoughts upon the subject that it is the photophone, or the use of electricity to reproduce over the wires the image of the person speaking before the instrument. Prof. Bell is a man of prodigious mental energy, and he is constantly developing new ideas and new applications of electrical force for the production of useful machines. He throws them off as easily and carelessly as you can fancy. For instance, he made not long ago an instrument called the audiometer, perhaps not a dozen of which have been made. It consists of magnetic cylinders graduated to each other. These cylinders will indicate by measurement how much sound it is possible for a deaf person to hear, and if they hear any at all. Prof. Bell has also devised an instrument, which might be called the submarine telephone, by which can be ascertained, by the echo from a stone dropped upon the bottom of the bay or river in which the craft may be floating just what the depth is at that point. He has also utilized the telephone to record the echo at sea which may show the distance of ice bergs and other obstructions. Even a buoy can be distinguished by its use. Prof. Bell is gradually growing out of all business pursuits, and devoting himself to the improvement of the deaf. He is constantly giving more and more time to his little school, where he has perhaps a score of pupils, most all of them wholly deaf, to whom he is teaching the art of sight language. He is training these little children so that they can distinguish from the lips and face of the person speaking what the say, and teaching them to imitate the proper arrangement of the lips, teeth and tongue, so that they may articulate sounds. It is understood that Prof. Bell is at work upon the problem of resolving heat at once into electricity, a result, if it can be obtained, that "will" greatly simplify and cheapen all uses of electricity.

"There's plenty of room at the bottom," said the undertow, as it tried to yank the dude off his pins; but the dude having plenty of room at the top, declined with a gurgle.

Clerk—"What do you say? A shovel engineer on the railway! You mean a civil engineer." She—"Oh, dessay you're right, sor. It's him that shovels coal into the engine."

What is the difference between weathering a storm in a pleasure craft and sitting carelessly in a ship's boat? One is yachting in a squall, and the other is squatting in a yawl.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Delicious Summer Drink.

Tea is one of the most delicious of summer drinks, but few persons know how to prepare it so that it is refreshing, palatable, and, in a certain sense, æsthetic Common custom in this country makes its preparation one of the servant's duties. It therefore comes to the table almost always black with too much strength and steeping, if, perchance, it has not boiled. It then has an herby flavor, and no more resembles genuine tea than the electric light is comparable to moonlight. Tea should always be made on the table, and three minutes will suffice for its compounding. Secure a small copper kettle of boiling water, with an alcohol lamp beneath, a pretty tea caddy of choice tea—for good tea is really economical—a delicate china pot and cups and saucers, and lastly a pair of fair hands that serve a graceful and gracious lady, and you have the ingredients for a cup of tea in which the possibilities of æsthetic pleasure are only limited by the sensibility of the recipient. Take a tiny lump of sugar, if you please, and even a thin slice of lemon, but do not spoil the exquisite flavor and winelike color by even a drop of milk or cream. If iced tea is desired pour the freshly made tea into a glass in which there are lumps of ice and sugar. It is often prepared and put away to stand in the ice chest till required, but by this means the delicate aroma of the tea passes away, and there is a consequent flatness perceptible to every one who knows how to make and appreciate the rightly made cup of tea.

Notes for Housekeepers.

The best way to brighten a carpet is to put half a tumbler of spirits of turpentine in a basin of water and dip your broom in it and sweep over the carpet once or twice, and it will restore the color and brighten it up until you would think it new.

Lemon juice will whiten frosting, cranberry or strawberry juice will color it pink, and the grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will color it yellow.

Silver spoons that have become discolored, in contact with cooked eggs, may be easily brightened by rubbing with common salt. A lump of gum-camphor in the closet where silver or plated ware is kept will do much toward preventing tarnish.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.

A correspondent gives some timely hints in regard to making cucumber pickles. He says that cucumbers for immediate use may be pickled by making a brine—a saturated solution of salt—covering the cucumbers with it, and adding water, if necessary. This strong brine will act sufficiently in one night if poured on hot; if cold, give it twenty-four hours. Drain off the brine and pack in a jar with scalded vinegar, cloves, cinnamon, and a lump of alum as big as a marble for each two gallons of cucumbers. Pour the spiced vinegar hot on the cucumbers, and add a piece of horseradish root as large as a man's finger, and, if desired, two or three green peppers. These pickles will be ready for use in three days, and will keep for years. When cucumbers are packed for market only strong brine is necessary; for, when needed for use, they are taken out of the brine, freshened, and then put into vinegar, with spices etc.

Knitted Cradle or Carriage Afghan.

This soft white blanket is knitted with leviathan wool, which is composed of many strands, and is very thick and soft. With the wool is mingled a strand of light blue rope silk. The knitted centre is surrounded with a narrow crochet edging, through an inch-wide blue satin ribbon is drawn. With coarse wooden knitting-needles cast on the number of stitches necessary for the size of afghans desired, and knit in forward rows only; at the end of each row knit the wool and silk together. 1st row.—* Put the silk round the needle, knit 2 stitches with the wool, put the last of them on the left hand needle, and purl it with the silk; repeat from *. 2d row.— . . . Knit the next stitch with wool, but omitting the silk put over in the last row, take the stitch on the left hand needle and with silk purl the silk put over and the stitch together, then put the silk around the needle, knit the following stitch with wool; repeat from . . Continue to knit as in the last row, but alternate the pattern as shown in the illustration. Cast off the stitches after the last row, and then work a round in single crochet about the edge, in the course of which work around the ends of wool and silk knotted at the side edges. 2d round.—4 chain stitches, then by turns a double crochet on the following 2d stitch and 1 chain; close with a slip stitch on the 3d of the first 4 chain. 3d round.—By turns 7 chain and a single on the following 2d double in the last row. 4th row.—Work with silk by turns a single on the next double omitted in the last round, and 7 chain, but after working the last of the 7 chain drop the stitch from the needle and take it up again through the next chain scallop in the last row before working the next single; close with a slip stitch on the first single. The full-sized illustration plainly shows the manner of working.

An Indian headstone, about the size of a large water pitcher, and similar in shape, except that the top is oval, was found in the Housatonic River lately by a resident of Brookfield, Conn. On the oval shape part are wrought two distinct hieroglyphics. On the sides of the stone are also curious carvings. Experts pronounce it one of the finest specimens of Indian headstones in the country.

Girls in Idia wear rings in their noses. It must be interesting for a young man, just as he is about to snatch a large and full-blown kiss, to have about eighteen karats of brass drop into his mouth and take all the sweetness out of the experience.

"The large cow," says an agricultural contemporary, "is going to be the coming cow." If that is the case we will gracefully retire over the fence when we see one.

THE VIRDEN ADVANCE.

— WEEKLY. —

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☞ Accounts rendered monthly.

C. J. ATKINSON, Proprietor. W. H. HALL, Editor & Manager.

The Virden Advance.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 10th, 1885.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Some time ago it was announced that Lord Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada, would visit the North-west and go as far as the Rockies. It is now arranged for His Excellency to arrive at Port Arthur next Monday and Winnipeg on Wednesday. An address will be presented to him by the Corporation, and, as he will remain in the city a few days, he will be asked to visit the schools, colleges, hospital and other public buildings. He will probably go as far as Manitou on the Southwestern railway and Minnedosa on the Northwestern, after which he will proceed to the Rockies. As it is the intention of Brandon and other towns along the line to present His Excellency with addresses steps should be at once taken by the people of Virden to prepare an address and see that arrangements are made for him to stop at this thriving and enterprising town.

* * *

The appeal of the Riel case took place last week at Winnipeg before His Lordship, Chief Justice Wallbridge and Judges Taylor and Killam. After the case had been argued on both sides the case was adjourned till yesterday, when the decision of the court was to have been given as to whether there should be a new trial or whether the conviction should be confirmed.

* * *

We have received the initial number of the *Evening News*, a new Independent paper published in Winnipeg. Its news columns are fresh and crisp and it starts out with a good share of advertising patronage. We extend a warm welcome to our new Winnipeg contemporary and wish it every success.

MELITA.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

There have been one or two frosts but not sufficient to do any damage to crops.

We regret to learn of the intended departure of Dr. Snider for Carman. He will be much missed in this district and leaves with the best wishes of all.

Wheat cutting is well advanced, some excellent crops being already harvested. Mr. T. W. Onley's crop may be presumed to turn out well at the thresher seeing he has used a fraction over four pounds of binding twine per acre.

BEL AIR.

WARD NO. 2.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Ten ducks and one hawk with two barrels, not bad shooting. What do you think!

Mitts and buffalo coats was the order of harvesting last week. When is summer coming?

This cold weather has not made any difference to the hog cholera which seems to be steadily on the increase.

Mr. E. W. Powell leaves Manitoba this month for England, *en route* for Australia. He reckons farming don't pay in this country.

I think your reporter was too hard on the owner of Four Wells Farm last week. Why don't Gifford get married and let his wife make the bed and sweep out the shanty?

Mr. Wm. Hill came nigh on losing his celebrated stud horse, Lord Salisbury, and mate, which are valued at six hundred and fifty dollars, through feeding some wheat which had previously been soaked in blue stone which he bought from a neighbor.

Mr. James Yates, our enterprising young farmer, has just imported a very fine Berkshire hog into the settlement and intends going largely into pork raising next year. He also intends getting a crushing mill and will crush all the grain he feeds.

DAGONET.

ELKHORN.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The shooting season is being taken advantage of by our sportsmen, and they report game very plentiful.

Indications are that the matrimonial market will be lively this fall in this district as numerous "affairs" are on the "tapis."

Miss McLeod has gone east with her brother-in-law, Dr. Sutherland, to spend the winter. She will be greatly missed by her numerous friends.

Mr. George A. Skipton entertained about fifty of his friends at a party last Friday evening, in his new residence, six miles west—it being his "housewarming"—and judging from the reports of those who were present it was the most enjoyable party of the year.

Quite an exciting pony race took place here last Thursday for a $25 sweepstake. Nine ponies were entered and betting was brisk. The distance was half a mile—one heat only. A fair start was got and a splendid race witnessed, resulting in a victory for Mr. Dalton's "Peacock" with Mr. Cavanagh's "Batoche" a good second and Mr. Dalton's "Joe" third. Naturally the losers are not all satisfied, and several more races are likely to be the outcome of this one.

Farmers in this district are by no means so despondent over their crops as seems to be the case with those further west and north. They claim that the bulk of the wheat is practically uninjured, and only that in low places or very green damaged to any extent. Should they be correct—and it is to be hoped they are—there will be many thousands of bushels of good wheat marketed here. So far no indication of probable prices have been received, but it is understood that Ogilvie & Co. will have a buyer here shortly.

BEULAH.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Our local sportsmen are now happy with dog and gun in supplying the tables with duck and chicken.

Farming operations are rapidly progressing and the wheat is nearly all cut. The yield is likely to be a good one but considerably damaged by the frost.

Mr. James Torrance who lives east of here lost by inflammation one of his fine horses. It is a serious loss at this season. The value placed on it was $250.

Each succeeding generation proves the truth of the earliest recorded statement "that it is not good for man to live alone." The bachelors of Beulah seem to think so, and notwithstanding the hard times are seeking another half to share it with them, as two can share it better than one. Not long ago Mr. Marsh brought a Birtle lady to share his joys and sorrows (and frozen wheat). Last week Mr. F. Frazer, tired of "single blessedness," entered into the single bonds of matrimony, and was married to Miss Marion Elliott, of Arrow River. We understand the wedding party was a select one, consisting of the relatives bride and groom and a few special friends. They are now comfortably settled in their new home—may their wedded life be a happy one. We expect ere long to record the capture of another of the prominent citizens of our hamlet.

Whatever may be true of other parts of the Province one thing is certain, that nearly all the wheat in this north country was ruined by the frost of Aug. 24th. Hundreds of acres of as heavy crop as was ever cut can be bought for one dollar per acre. Newspaper men may have good reasons for suppressing the truth in regard to the late frost and the damage done to the wheat crop, or they may have erred through ignorance. But I am of the opinion that this country has suffered as much by being lied about as by frost, and in the end harm and not good will result from suppressing the truth. We have a grand country but it is not perfect, and while its good qualities are advertised let its drawbacks be known, so that people coming here may do so with their eyes open and have none but themselves to blame if they are not satisfied. Three years' experience have taught the farmers of the north this fact, that red fife wheat is not a safe crop, and that an earlier variety must be introduced, as well as mixed farming be more largely engaged in. It would have been hundreds of dollars in the pockets of many if this fact had been known three years ago. Let us have the truth, and the whole truth, even though the heavens fall.

WOODWORTH COUNCIL.

The Council of the Municipality of Woodworth met at the Ralphton school house on Sept. 1st.

Members present: The Reeve, Coun. Hunter, Todd, Frame, Steven and Gee.

Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

A number of communications and accounts were read.

MOTIONS.

Steven—Frame—That the communication from the Brandon High school asking assistance be filed. Carried.

Frame—Hunter—That the petition of Mr. Hagyard and others, asking for a school section, be amended by striking out sections 9, 10, 11 and 12, in Tp. 11, R. 24, and adding Sec. 5 in same Tp., and sections 20, 21, 22 and 23, in Tp. 10, R. 24. Carried.

Todd—Hunter—That in consideration of the road to Kennedy's ferry crossing the reserve, and the Indians being crossed on the ferry free, Mr. Kennedy be granted the sum of $25. Carried.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were passed: John Parr, expenses to Brandon *re* loan, $5; John Parr, spikes, $1.50; Kent Bros., Assessors, salary and extras, $100; Jas. Frame, drawing plank, $8; Donald McKay, drawing plank, $10; Robert Jobb, drawing plank, $5; C. Cliffe, printing and stationery, $36.20; T. R. Todd, registration of births, deaths and marriages, $6; Thos. Frame, service in Council, $15; Jas. Gee, dito, $15; M. J. Hellwell, dito, $10; H. M. Todd, dito, $15; E. Hunter, dito, $15.

BY-LAWS.

By-law No. 13, 1885, to form Hagyard school section, was passed.

By-law No. 14, 1885, to levy a rate of seven mills on the dollar on the rateable property of the municipality to raise the following amounts: for Western Judicial Board, $1,190.29; County purposes, $206.35; Municipal grant to schools, $1020; ordinary municipal expenses, $1716.09. Total, $4132.73.

Council adjourned to meet at the call of the Reeve.

T. R. TODD, Clerk.

PIPESTONE COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Council of the municipality of Pipestone was held at the residence of Coun. Croft, Sec. 36, Tp. 8, R. 27 on Tuesday 1st Sept, at 2 p.m.

Present; Reeve McLean in the chair, Councilors Croft, Best, Bell, McDonald and Cameron.

The minutes of the last meeting were read over and confirmed.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Macdonald & Tupper, Winnipeg, asking for particulars of C.P.R. lands assessed or in arrears for taxes.

Carruthers & Brock, Winnipeg, *re* Debentures.

Drummond Bros., Montreal, *re* Debentures.

ACCOUNTS.

Queen's Printer, advertising Bonus By-law, $20.40.

Virden *Advance*, Printing, $31.15.

MOTIONS.

McDonald—Best—That the above accounts be passed for payment. Carried.

Ball—McDonald—That the Treasurer be instructed to ask the Sec.-Treas. of the Judicial Board for a statement of account to date and to remit the amount due to them if correct. Carried.

McDonald—Best—That Messrs. McLean and Ball be appointed commissioners for the purpose of procuring plans and specifications and, superintending the erection of a bridge across Pipestone Creek, between Sec. 27 and 28, Tp. 7, R. 26, provided that the petitioners comply with the resolution passed by the Council on the 18th Aug., 1885. Carried.

The Clerk was instructed to refer Messrs. Macdonald & Tupper to the Sec.-Treas. of the Western Judicial Board, and also to write to the Postmaster at Virden stating that the Council have reason to complain of his witholding a letter addressed to the Clerk, as it has been the cause of extra expense to the municipality, and express a hope that he will pay more attention to the delivery of letters in the future.

BY-LAWS.

By-law No. 34, repealing By-law No. 33, was read over three times and passed.

By-law No. 35 levying the rate of taxation for the present year was read over three times and passed. District rate 2 mills on the $; County rate two-fifths mill on the $; Local rate 4 and three-fifths mills on the $.

Council adjourned until the call of the Reeve.

A. P. POWER, Clerk.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS

Statutory Provisions for their Management, etc.

The following clauses of the Agriculture, Statistics and Health Act, 1883, as amended have reference to exhibitions held under the auspices of the Board of Agriculture of Manitoba or of any electoral division agricultural society authorized under the Act.

38. The council of the Board or the officers of any electoral division agricultural society organized or continued under this Act, on being made aware of any fraud having been committed by a member or exhibitor, in the entry of any stock or goods in competition at any exhibition, shall have the power of witholding the payment of any prizes that may have been awarded by the judges to such members or exhibitors on such fraudulent or any other entries made at any such exhibition.

39. The council of any municipality may grant money or land in aid of the Board of Agriculture, or of any duly organized electoral division agricultural society coming within the provisions of this Act, and being within the limits of the municipality, or within any adjoining municipality, and any such grants heretofore made shall be held to be and have been legally made.

40. Whenever an exhibition is held under the management of the Board of Agriculture, or of any electoral division agricultural society, any magistrate having jurisdiction in the place where such exhibition is held, shall, on the request of the council of the board or of the officers of such society, appoint as many constables as may be required, at the expense of the board or of such society, as the case may be, such constables to be named by the said Council, or by the officers of such society, whose duty it shall be to protect the property of the board or of such society and of the exhibitors within the exhibition grounds or buildings, and to reject all persons who may behave in a disorderly manner, or otherwise violate any of the rules or regulations of the board or of such society.

41. If any person wilfully hinders or obstructs the officers or servants of the board or of any electoral division agricultural society in the execution of their duty, or gains admission into the grounds or buildings wherein an exhibition is held, contrary to the rules of the board or of such society, he shall be liable to a fine not more than twenty-five dollars.

42. The council of the board or the officers of any electoral division agricultural society, may by their rules prohibit and prevent all kinds of gambling, theatrical circus mountebank performances, and also to regulate or prevent the huckstering or trafficking in fruits, good, wares, or merchandise, on the exhibition grounds, or within five hundred yards thereof; and any person who after due notice of such rules and regulation violates the same, shall be liable to be removed by the officers or constables of the said council or of such society, and be subject to the penalty prescribed by the next preceding section.

Provincial Exhibition!

The Tenth Provincial Exhibition

will be held under the auspices of the Board of Agriculture at

St. Boniface, Manitoba,

— ON —

SEPTEMBER 28, 29 AND 30,

— AND —

OCTOBER 1, 2 AND 3.

$10,000 In Money Prizes!

BESIDES MEDALS, DIPLOMAS, ETC.

Closed stalls provided for Horses and comfortable sheds for other animals.

Passengers will be carried by railway at a Single fare for the double journey. Exhibits at a single rate.

See posters and advertisements for particulars of special trains, etc.

Formal opening by the Lieut.-Governor, September 30th.

Entries close September the 15th. Entry fee $1.00.

Admission to Grounds, 25 Cts.

For Prize Lists, Entry Papers and other particulars address

ACTON BURROWS,
Secretary-Treasurer Board of Agriculture, Winnipeg.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WESTERN DIVISION.

TRAIN SERVICE.

On and after May 31st, 1885, trains will move as follows:

LEAVE		ARRIVE
8.30 a.m.	Winnipeg	6.20 p.m.
11.05 a.m.	Portage la Prairie	4.50 p.m.
1.15 p.m.	Carberry	1.45 p.m.
2.15 p.m.	Brandon	11.00 a.m.
2.40 p.m.	Kemnay	10.30 a.m.
3.05 p.m.	Alexander	10.10 a.m.
3.30 p.m.	Griswold	9.40 a.m.
4.00 p.m.	Oak Lake	9.12 a.m.
4.40 p.m.	Virden	8.35 a.m.
5.05 p.m.	Hargrave	8.10 a.m.
5.30 p.m.	Elkhorn	7.46 a.m.
6.15 p.m.	Fleming	7.06 a.m.
6.45 p.m.	Moosomin	6.15 a.m.
7.05 p.m.	Red Jacket	5.50 a.m.
7.35 p.m.	Wapella	5.21 a.m.
7.55 p.m.	Burrows	5.02 a.m.
8.15 p.m.	Whitewood	4.44 a.m.
8.35 p.m.	Percival	4.22 a.m.
9.10 p.m.	Broadview	3.45 a.m.
1.00 a.m.	Qu'Appelle	1.00 a.m.
2.15 a.m.	Regina	11.15 p.m.
4.45 a.m.	Moose Jaw	8.15 p.m.
2.30 p.m.	Swift Current	12.45 p.m.
7.20 p.m.	Maple Creek	7.10 a.m.
1.30 a.m.	Medicine Hat	2.30 a.m.
10.15 a.m.	Gleichen	5.15 p.m.
1.30 p.m.	Calgary	2.30 p.m.
ARRIVE		LEAVE

Trains between Winnipeg and Moose Jaw run daily except Sundays.

Three trains a week between Winnipeg and Canmore, leaving Winnipeg Monday, Tuesday and Friday; returning leave Canmore Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

TRAINS RUN BY STANDARD TIME.

JOHN EGAN, Superintendent. W. C. VANHORNE, Manager

HARDWARE,

Stoves, Tinware, Paints, Oils and Glass.

FURNITURE!

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, WINDOWS, DOORS, ETC., ETC.

We carry the Largest and Most Complete Stock of the above in Town

AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Material & Furnishings for Houses Supplied Throughout.

— CALL AND BE CONVINCED. —

FRAME & MILLER,

Corner Nelson Street and 7th Avenue, Virden, Manitoba.

DOWNS BROS.

— IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN —

Groceries, Provisions, Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Crockery and Glassware.

Also kept in stock a full assortment of General Merchandise and Settler's Effects.

Highest Prices Paid for Farmers' Produce.

PIONEER BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

A. E. SMITH,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has just received a fine stock of Hand Made Boots and Shoes, made of the Best French Calf and Imperial Kid, which will be sold CHEAP for CASH. Satisfaction guaranteed.

REPAIRING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

A SPLENDID LEATHER OIL AND LEATHER LACE ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR HIDES, ETC,

Store—Seventh Avenue, Virden, Manitoba.

LEAVE YOUR WATCHES WITH

W. H. HALL,

— AT THE —

"VIRDEN ADVANCE" OFFICE,

And they will be forwarded for repair to McINTYRE & DAVIDSON, Watchmakers & Jewelers, Portage la Prairie.

☞ ALL WORK WARRANTED.

CHEAP FURNITURE.

A large stock of New Furniture at Prices Cheaper than ever for Cash.

All Goods Bought for Cash and sold at a small Advance.

COME AND SEE PRICES,

Nelson Street, DAN. FEENEY

GEO. H. BURGE, Contractor & Builder.

Plans and Specifications Furnished. *Work Guaranteed Satisfactory.*

POST OFFICE ADDRESS, VIRDEN, MAN.

MRS. J. W. GRAHAM,

(Late of Ontario.)

Dress and Mantle Making and Plain Sewing.

-PRICES REASONABLE.-

☞ APPRENTICES WANTED. ☜

Two Doors South of Post Office, Virden, Man.

OTTAWA HOTEL.

The undersigned begs to inform his patrons and the public generally that the above Hotel has been thoroughly renovated and refitted and is now in every respect equal to any house in the Province. A first class table supplied with every delicacy and variety that the season offers. Guests may rest assured of receiving every attention in the house at any hour. First class stabling and attentive hostler. Rates to suit the times.

JAS. BEECH, PROPRIETOR.

☞ *Leave your orders for Job Work at the office of the Virden Advance.*

McDONALD & BOLTON,

—BLACKSMITHS.—

Horse Shoeing & General Jobbing promptly attended to.

Terms Moderate and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Corner St., and 6th Ave., Virden.

DANIEL FEENEY,

— DEALER IN —

Furniture, School Desks, Coffins, Etc.

Pictures Framed and all Kinds of Repairing Done.

Next Door to Post Office, Virden, Manitoba

The Virden Advance.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 10th 1885.

VIRDEN AND VICINITY.

—The C.P.R. pay car passed east yesterday morning.

—Mr. Short Roe, J.P., intends visiting the old country shortly.

—Mr. M. Willing and family arrived from Brandon last night.

—Mr. W. A. Macdonald, of Brandon, intends opening a law office here.

—Mr. Caulfield took a trip down to Brandon last week, returning on Monday.

—See Wilcox & Co's and Frame & Millar's new advertisements next week.

—Mr. M. Willing is building a residence for himself just south of the town.

—Mr. Jno. Tucker, formerly of this town, is down from Moosomin on business.

—Mr. Wm. Lawson has received the contract for threshing H. M. Power's grain.

—Mr. Orr's thresher is being used to thresh Messrs. Bouverie & Routledge's wheat.

—Mr. W. J. Wilcox went east last week to buy new stock. He returned home on Monday.

—Mr. C. N. Elliott, of the firm of Elliott & Sons, paid this town a flying visit last week.

—The car-load of horses that H. & R. M. Simpson received last week are nearly all sold.

—Messrs H. Goulter, of Portage, and W. Hunter, of Brandon, are in town for a few days.

—Mr. Caulfield's fine brick store is rapidly approaching completion. It will be a credit to the town.

—Mr. Fred. A. Cook, of Rat Portage, has been on a visit to Virden and was the guest of Mr. Austin, Ellerslie Farm.

—Dr. Guest, who has a farm north-east of the town, arrived back from a visit to Ontario last Thursday. He was accompanied by his wife.

—We are informed that the binders in the vicinity of Two Creeks are making shocking work; in fact some of the wheat is badly shocked.

—Mr. P. D. White, from Winnipeg, is in town and intends shortly to open a tonsorial parlor here. None too soon for it is badly needed.

—Messrs. T. B McArthur, Q.C., Geo. Wishart, and R. J. Campbell, of Winnipeg, arrived in town last night and registered at the Virden House.

—Messrs. D. McLean and R. Graham started their new steam thresher on Mr. McGuffin's farm on Tuesday. It is working most satisfactorily.

—Parties who shoot on Sundays are breaking the law and are liable to be fined. Several shots have been heard the last two Sundays around the town.

—Good progress is being made with the grist mill building, and we are informed that it will be ready to receive the machinery about the 15th inst.

—A fine wide sidewalk has been laid down in front of Mr. Freeborn's new store and Mr. Trumble's billiard hall. It is a great improvement to the street.

—Mr. Dan. Feeney, our enterprising furniture merchant, has enlarged his advertisement this week. He has just received a large consignment of new furniture.

—Rev. T. B. Baynon will hold service next Sabbath at Elm Valley at 10:30 a.m., at Woodnorth at 2:30 p.m., and in Virden at 7 p.m. Subject of the evening discourse: "The Queen in trouble."

—Mr. Barber, a student, from St. John's College, Winnipeg, preached in the C.P.R. waiting room last Sunday evening to a large congregation. Mr. Barber will preach next Sunday morning at W. H. Power's, in the afternoon at Jno. Joslin's and in the evening at Virden.

—An exchange of pulpits will take place on Sunday next between Elkhorn and Virden, Mr. Grant occupying the Virden pulpit and Mr. Sutherland going to Elkhorn in the morning and Two Creeks in the afternoon, on which occasion the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed.

—Now is the time for business men to increase their advertisements. The Agricultural Show will shortly be held in the town and a large number of extra copies of the Virden Advance will be printed the week before and the week after the show. If you want to do business send in your advertisements.

—Mr. R. Bellamy has had quite a run of bad luck lately. A short time ago he had the barns and stables on his farm burnt down; about a week ago he had a horse die of inflamation; and last Sunday morning one of his most valuable horses got loose in the stable and fell head foremost down the well, being instantly killed.

Virden School Report.

The following is the report of the number of marks obtained by the pupils of the Virden school for the latter part of August:

Class IV. Number of marks obtainable, 60. Ettie Sandford 57, Jno. Hendry 56, Robina Cobb 56, Aubry Meek 46, Jno. Cain 46, Jno. Mooney 21.

Class III. Marks obtainable, 60. Bella Lang 53, Mary Sutherland 44, Florence Cobb 42, Delia Sandford 41, Sarah Cain 34, Bertie Meek 30, Cassie Graham 20, Wm. Hamilton 14.

Class II, Sr. Marks obtainable 75. Geo. Bellamy 72, Maggie Bailey 66, Lilly English 60, Gilbert Cobb 60, Jenny Sandford 59, Fraser Sutherland 35, Julia Meek 31.

Class II, Jr. Marks obtainable, 60. Alpha Bellamy 51, Annie Mooney 36, Hannah Beech 19, Dan. Mooney 19, Harvey Beech 10, Gerald Hamilton 4.

Book I, part II. Marks obtainable, 50. Sadia Manuel 47, Sam'l. Sandford 35, Wm. Graham 18. 2nd division of the same book. Marks obtainable, 40. Annie Bailey 32, Alice Wyatt 22.

Book I, part I. Marks obtainable, 30. Jno Graham 20, Thos. Bailey 16, Mary Jane Beech 7.

COMMUNICATIONS

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents, but are willing to give space in our paper at any time for the discussion of public questions.

We shall not publish any letter unless accompanied with the name and address of the sender, not necessarily intended for publication.

Four Wells Farm.

To the Editor of the Virden ADVANCE.

SIR.—Had I known the gentleman arrived at my place (with a pony which looked as though it had been fed on straw and water, dragging behind it a buckboard falling to pieces from the want of a dollar being spent on it) and partook of my hospitality he would have met with a different reception to the one he got. As a rule we bachelors generally manage to sweep out and make beds every Sunday morning, having no spare time in the week. Let your reporter come out here and work from six in the morning until dark and then get his own supper and he will be only too glad to turn into bed whether made or not.

Yours truly,
W. L. GIFFORD.

Another Suggestion.

To the Editor of the Virden ADVANCE.

SIR,—The suggestion offered by your correspondent "Murmurer" in his letter of last week anent the concert at Mr. Stephens is a most timely one, and in the event of another such entertainment taking place I would also suggest that to prevent further imposition on a patient and longsuffering audience of *murmerers* Mr. Murmurer, with all his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts, bring their stop watches with them, and that they be placed in communication with the bell cord, and when their overwrought emotions can no longer endure the strain unceremoniously ring the curtain down and "choke off the offending performer.

The encore business must also be suppressed and the small boy "sat upon," certainly he must be "sat upon"; but this in itself would not be sufficient, as the fact of "sitting upon him" would only augment—not abate—the nuisance. To effectually squash the "small boy" he would first have to be "gagged" before being "sat on"—this is an important point overlooked by "Murmurer."

I am of the opinion, moreover, that "dyspepsia or billiousness,, had as much to do with "Murmurer's murmurings as had either the "small boy" or the length of the program. I would recommend that he has medical advice before attending the next entertainment, and I feel confident that if he is in good health he will sit out the entire program without a murmur.

OLD SPEAR GRASS.

Be Prepared.

To the Editor of the Virden ADVANCE.

SIR.—In your issue of Aug. 27th a correspondent under the *non de plume* of "Omega" calls attention to the fact that we may soon be called upon to elect a member to represent this county in the Local Legislature, and suggests the advisability of calling a meeting in Virden immediately after harvest. The suggestion is a good one and should be acted upon, but care should be taken that the right representative is selected, and we certainly do not require any profesional office seekers from Brandon as we have plenty of good men in our own county quite capable of representing us.

If we are to have a representative in the Local Legislature it is of the first importance that our representative should be pledged to temperance principles, so that in the carrying out of the present liquor laws or the making of new ones the voice of the people of Dennis may be heard through their representative speaking on the side of right and morality with no uncertain sound! We want better temperance legislation and to get that we must have temperance votes in parliament. The temperance people in other parts of our Dominion are causing their influence to be felt at the polls, and why should not the temperance electors of Manitoba make *themselves* heard both in the election of members for parliament and for municipal honors. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that intemperance is on the increase in our midst and the power of the whiskey interest is growing stronger; it therefore behoves us that some steps should be taken to curtail the sale of liquor and break the power of the whiskey vendor. Let the temperance people of this county take this matter into serious consideration, and when the time comes be prepared to bring out a man worthy of the cause.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

—At the meeting of the Wallace Literary Club next Saturday evening in addition to the ordinary performers, Mr. Wilson, of Virden, will sing and recite, ane the Arion Quartette Club will render some pieces.

A review of the work already done for the Scott Act shows that out of a total of 83 contests there were 67 won for the Scott Act, and 16 in which the Act was defeated. Omitting Victoria County for which full returns not yet in, there has been a total vote of 154,350 polled for the Act and 101,732 against the Act, leaving a net majority for the Act of 52,618. There has been a total of 60 counties in which the Act has been adopted and 14 in which it has been rejected. In no county or city has the Scott Act ever been repealed and all indications are that public sentiment is growing everywhere in favor of the law.

VIRDEN MARKET REPORT.

	c.
Eggs	15
Butter	11
Potatoes	30
Oats	40
Wheat, No 1 Northern	
" " 2 Northern	
" " 1 Regular	
" " 2 Regular	
Flour	$2.25

WANTED.—CORRESPONDENTS AT Griswold and Oak Lake for this paper. Address: EDITOR, Virden "Advance."

WANTED IMMEDIATELY FOR THE Virden House.—A good dining-room girl and a servant girl. Apply to Mr. R. Bellamy, Virden.

WANTED.—A LIVE SUBSCRIPTION agent at Griswold for the Virden ADVANCE.—Liberal commission allowed. Address: EDITOR, Virden "Advance."

Municipality of Pipestone.

TAKE NOTICE!—THAT A BY-LAW TO authorize a loan of $2,000, for the purpose of aiding in the construction of the proposed Grist and Flour Mill at Virden, has been duly passed by the Council of the Municipality of Pipestone; that the proofs of the due passing of the said By-law, and of the requirements of the statute on that behalf preliminary to its being so passed having been complied with, have been submitted to His Honor, the judge of the County Courts of the Western Judicial District, who will be applied to for a certificate as to said by-law under the provisions of Sec. 137, 47 Victoria, on or after the 21st of September, 1885.

Dated at Virden this 25th day of August, 1885.

ARTHUR P. POWER, Clerk,
Municipality of Pipestone.

Carpet Weaving,

Parties wishing a good Carpet made can have it done during the summer by sending to the subscriber.

BEST WARP FURNISHED.

GAS. MITCHELL,
Sec. 12, 13, 26, Arrow River Ferry.

ARTHUR T. TIMEWELL,
ARCHITECT, SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER.
Special attention given to Elevators and Mills in any part of the Province.
OFFICES: Caldwell Block, Opposite New Post Office, Main Street, Winnipeg.

MARSHALL & EASTON,
Carpenters & Builders.
All Kinds of Repairing done on Wagons, Buckboards, &c.
Jobbing done on the shortest notice.
TERMS MODERATE.
NELSON STREET VIRDEN, MAN

VIRDEN HOUSE,
VIRDEN, MAN.
R. BELLAMY, PROPRIETOR.
One of the Largest and Best Furnished Hotels West of Brandon.
THE ONLY SAMPLE ROOM IN TOWN.
—Livery in Connection.—
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The Funny Man's Baby.

The funny man went to his desk to write.
He had watched all day, he would write all night
And finish his work, so he trimmed the light.

In the room adjoining his baby lay,
And they said she was slowly passing away,
And would die ere the light of another day.

So he wrote, with his heart in the other room,
And thought of the babe going out in the gloom
To the shadowy land beyond the tomb.

It was hard to write with death so nigh,
But he ground out jokes as the hours went by,
And closed each page with a grief-born sigh.

It was hard to write but the world must laugh,
So he penned the rhyme and the paragraph,
And even a humorous epitaph!

His pen flew fast and the hours went on
Till his night of toil was almost gone,
And the east showed the first faint streaks of dawn.

Then he dropped his pen and raised his head,
"Now the colum is finished," the funny man said,
And the nurse, coming in, said, "The baby is dead!"

THREE BLEEDING VICTIMS.

Scene of the Killing of Mrs. Sanders, Her Son and Brother.

The accident at St. Thomas by which Mrs. Fred Sanders, her son, a bright little fellow of 5 years, and Mr. J. C. Dempsey, her brother, an employee of the Hamilton, Ont., post office, was one of the most appalling ever recorded in this district. The accident, as is known, occurred on the L. & P. S. railway crossing. The scene after the collision between the buggy and the locomotive was a terrible one. The horse was thrown seventeen yards and lay on the east side of the track with its spine broken. The buggy was thrown about twice the distance and was a complete wreck. The body of Mrs. Sanders lay 54 yards north of the crossing on the east side of the track, her feet towards the ditch. Her head was completely severed from her body and lying alongside of it with the mangled and bleeding neck pointing upward. Her body was horribly mutilated and presented a sickening spectacle. Her chest and sides were crushed in, one arm torn from the body and the other broken and mangled. Her legs were likewise both broken in several places, and she presented the appearance of being rolled and tumbled along the track, which for a distance of ten feet was strewn with the blood and brains of the victim. A gentleman picked up her collar broken in two at the back and covered with blood. Mr. N. Webb, whose story of the accident has been published, found her locket with the monogram "F. C. S." inscribed upon it, in the sand between the ties. The body of Dempsey lay on the same side of the track as that of Mrs. Sanders, about one hundred yards from the crossing, or twice as far as that of Mrs. Sanders. He also lay with his head towards the track and his feet pointing eastward. His skull was crushed in both at the back and front, and there was a gash across his body, while blood gushed from his mouth and eyes. The child, it appears, was thrown from the buggy upon the cowcatcher, and it was not until the train was stopped that the body was found on the beam supporting the cowcatcher. There the little fellow lay upon his back, in his neat and braided suit of blue, with one hand upon his forehead as if to protect himself from some approaching danger. His countenance was calm and placid, and he looked as if in a quiet sleep, but from his neck and head the crimson blood flowed down the beam upon the track. Many a rough and hardened heart among the scores of spectators who hurriedly crowded to the scene was melted as his eyes caught the visage of the child. Mr. Sanders, the afflicted husband and father, is prostrated by the shock. No inquest was held, as no blame attaches to the railway employees.

Jack Bowline on a Bicycle.

Jack proved to be an apt pupil, and before fifteen minutes had passed he headed his craft through the open door made for the purpose, and out on the broad smooth pavement he went, in full view of the carriages bound to and from the Park drives, saying:—"I'm a flying fish sailor, I am. I've steered a dozen clippers round the Horn and I reckon I kin handle a fancy yacht like this 'ere on a smooth sea." What happened in the brief interval during which he was lost to the sight of his shipmates he afterwards related as follows:—"After I mounted the poop deck of that 'ere machine and had fisted the tiller a bit, I thought it a blamed sight easier to steer than the 'Penny Loaf' with her guns aboard. So I says to myself, 'Le's take a cruise.' With that I pinted her for the Narrows and rang the engineer to go ahead full speed. She took the swell outside like a clipper ship, but jist as I tried to get a second look at an uncommon pretty girl as was driving by in one of them two-wheeled carts, I found I was broachin' to. In course that would never do when all them folks was a lookin' at me as represented the navy in its present condition. So I says to myself 'Keep'er full, Jack, keep'er full,' and throws up my helm. She eased off so fast that I a'enamost forgot to check her till a duffer as was in the cart with the pretty girl, shouted 'Stiddy as y'go, Jack, stiddy, ye lubber.' That 'ere riled me all over, his callin' me a lubber and right before the pretty girl as laughed fit to kill when she saw me a steerin' all over the Western Ocean, and I jist called all hands to save ship. Then I got right down onto the tiller and heads up on my course agin. Just then I sees a licensed vendor's hand-waggin a-comin' around the corner with a load of strawberries. It was dead ahead and my engines was a makin' 80 turns to the minit. Them 'ere pirates in the cart, they sees it too, and begins screamin' and laughin', and the Dagohe sees me a-coomin' and jist dropped the waggin' and cavourted and humped his shoulder. But he didn't do it but oncet. I shoved my hellum hard down and the little wheel a-starn ris up and pitched me head first into the middle of the strawberries, while one foot carried away the Dago's figgerhead and t'other got mixed with the flyin' riggin' about the machine. I wouldn't a-minded the wreck only the pretty girl in the dog-cart when she sees me all tangled up so, she got scart and jumped out to see if I was hurt, a-looking real sorry like till I riz up as red as a horse marine. Then she burst out laughin' again, and I thought I best make port to oncet for the necessary repairs."

The Tobacco Habit.

The tobacco habit is one of the forms of both sedative and stimulation, which seem to be regarded by the rudest, as well as the most accomplished being. Something in man impels him to be happier.

The rude Mexican pounds the century plant till he can get fermentation in it, and then he drinks himself drunk.

The methodical Chinaman, who has a duty for every day in the year, and saves his money better than the miser, had the citadel of his nature stormed by opium, and against the command of his government and his religion, he sits down and smokes himself into stupefaction.

The Turk, precluded from liquor by his religion, tortures himself between the harem and the pipe.

The English beer-drinker comes to a place where malt and hops will no longer satisfy, and he must drug his beer to make it palatable, and the public house which he frequents obliges him in that respect by opening the bung-hole and dropping in tobacco or pepper, or something sufficiently strong.

Nothing is more remarkable in the United States than the growth of the cigar business. Before the Rebellion, Havana manufactured the best, and probably the most of our cigars. After the duties were made high, the cigar-making business was transferred within our revenue jurisdiction, first to Key Wes, and then to New York. The war itself was provocative of the smoking habit, as it multiplied excitement, and left hundreds of thousands of men in tents, waiting for battle; and there they smoked because they had no other form of enjoyment.

So the growth of tobacco was introduced into the Northern States, and now the North raises the best smoking tobacco for cigars, and the tobacco interest in some of the Western States, amount to millions per annum.

There are said to be 50,000 persons in New York, rolling cigars or stripping the leaf. In almost every little village there are cigar factories.

The Germans and Spanish were formerly the most smokeful of nations, but we are close upon them, now, although it is common in this country to find men who never smoked a cigar, and I have often noticed that some men who drank to excess had never put a cigar in their mouths.

The drunkard fancies that he is to save his life, notwithstanding the liquor, by rejecting some other bad habit. The best cure for both liquor and tobacco, is the open air, and not the open air of cities, so much as that of the country.

Country people are inclined to chew tobacco instead of smoking it. A ride of thirty miles through the open country is a cure, in part, for both liquor and tobacco.

General Grant kept this open-air treatment up nearly all his life. Either on horseback or in a carriage, he has ridden constantly, and down to a very late period, and his trip around the world, in steamers, vessels and vehicles, gave him inspiration of the same sort.

Righting An Old Wrong.

A singular proof of the old proverb, "Murder will out," is given in a suit before the English House of Peers for possession of the title and estates of the Barony of Lovat. The suit is on behalf of an engineer in the mines of Caernarvon, and the story brought to light by him begins two centuries ago.

The famous Simon Fraser, when the Baron Lovat of that day died without issue, knew that the rightful heir was a hot-headed young cousin of his own, Alexander Fraser. Simon brought forth a false charge of murder against him, and the lad fled to Caernarvon, and there became a miner.

Simon then assumed the title of Lord Lovat, and took possession of the estates. The daughter of the late Lord Lovat, Amelia, was at the time on the eve of marriage with a young nobleman. She claimed to be the chief of her father's clan, and heir to the estates. Simon Fraser, with a body of his retainers, took the young bridegroom prisoner, dragged him to the foot of a gibbet, and forced him to take an oath never to claim the hand of the heiress of Lovat.

Simon then kidnapped the young lady himself, intending to make her his wife, but with the help of her maid, she escaped to the mountains. Determined to have some claim to the Lovat property, he made the mother of Amelia his prisoner in her own castle, and surrounding her with armed men, bagpipes blowing, and pikes and halberds pointed at her breast, compelled her to marry him.

For this outrage he was sentenced to death, a sentence which never was revoked; but his power and keen wit kept him safe during a long life, which he spent in perpetual treachery. He betrayed the English to the French, and the French to the English; he professed devotion to the House of Hanover, while he was supporting the exiled Stuarts. His name was the synonym for traitor for seventy years.

At last he drove his son, a quiet, timid boy of nineteen, into the field, with the Pretender at the head of his clan, and made haste to complain of the lad to the Government, and to swear to his own fidelity. The boy, however, was pardoned, while Lord Lovat at the age of eighty was beheaded. After his death, a starving woman was discovered in a dungeon in his castle, who proved to be his wife, whom he had imprisoned there for ten years.

Now, after two centuries, the heir of Alexander Fraser, the miner, whom he robbed of his title and estates, comes forward, to prove the guilt of the usurper and his own claim to the peerage. "Justice is slow," says the Arab proverb, "but more inexorable than death."

A HERO OF THE COLLIERIES.

A Gallant Rescue of Miners Imprisoned in a Coal Shaft.

A young Irishman, named James Nolans, performed a noble deed of daring in a sudden mining catastrophe, which happened at the coal-pits situated near the villages of Niddry and New Craighall, in the neighbourhood of Newmills, Dalkeith. About two o'clock one afternoon the rumor was spread that the pits were filling with water. It was confirmed by a gush and fall of water from a height of 130 fathoms, with a din which struck despair into the hearts of the weary miners. They were just about to ascend the shaft, and the man at the pit-head had discovered that something had gone wrong. There were sixty-three men and boys at work, of whom thirty-eight escaped to the neighbouring pit, while twenty-five who were on the opposite side of the torrent remained. These ran through a portion of the workings as yet free from flood, but found their escape cut off, turn where they would, and exhaustion took the place of despair. At last they awaited their fate in a level communicating with another pit, measuring only five feet broad by five feet high. The shaft was nearly filled with water, and a volume of water was rushing down upon them; but here they waited two mortal hours, until, seeing no chance of the flood diminishing so as to give hope of their escape, seven of them dashed under the water, and through the hole whence it came, leaving their companions in the belief that they were lost. They were, however, mercifully saved, reaching the shaft where anxious friends were awaiting them, after battling in the dark with the seething waters. But what of the eighteen that remained? One by one, twelve of them ventured their lives as their comrades had done—braved the waters and the dark hole, and were similarly rescued. But four men and two boys were still left behind. Three more hours passed, while friends above were vainly signalling and calling to them to follow their comrades, example. They were the more hopeless because they believed their mates had perished, and that such signals as reached them from the roof were warnings to remain where they were. The lamps were kept burning with difficulty. Three more hours passed, and the rescuing party saw that something must be done to draw them from their living grave. Some one must force a passage through the water, but who? "I will go if some one will push me through, for the current is so strong," volunteered our young Irish hero, James Nolans; and a mate named Smellie put his feet against his back, and he forced himself through the water. He reached his imprisoned comrades, spoke to them cheerfully, bade them follow on, and placing the boy Kerr, aged thirteen, on his back, dashed back again. Saved! All but one! Where was the lad Walker? Nolans did not pause to consider, but ventured again through the waters. He found the boy in the dark, alone, abandoned to death. "Eh! and may God bless you!" were the words breathed into his ear as he took him also on his back, and bore him safely through the torrent. It was eleven o'clock at night when this daring deed was accomplished, and cheers of welcome greeted our collier hero.

Back from the Nile.

During the Red River expedition under Lord Wolseley to Manitoba in 1870, a number of experienced Mississippi pilots were engaged, Capt. J. Webber, of St. Paul, Minn., was one of these voyageurs. When the Imperial Government, in Sept, 1884, engaged the Canadian contingent for the Soudan expedition, Capt. Webber's services were accepted. He left here last October in company with other steamboat captains engaged for service on the Nile. When his term of service expired, he re-engaged for a term of six months and has just returned to Ottawa from the land of the Pharaohs. Capt. Webber speaks very highly of the treatment he received at the hands of the Imperial authorities. He captained the mail boat "Water Lily" which plied between Assouan and Wady Halfa. He describes the Nile between these two points as being fairly navigable. Before he left Walda Halfa on June 29th he had brought down Lord Wolseley and staff and a major portion of the forces from the front. He was personally acquainted with Lord Wolseley, having met him on the Red River expedition in 1870, and he describes the famous General as being "a first class fellow in every respect." Capt. Webber says the troops will return to the Soudan in the fall. Some of them have been detained at Cairo, Alexandria and other places awaiting the fall campaign. A few days before the arrival in London of Captain Webber one of Yara's boating engineers had left for the Nile to superintend at the construction of a number of boats to be used at the fall expedition. The Imperial Government have ordered twelve Yara boats, ten of which have been built. A Glasgow firm have received an order for ten boats, and six of these have been finished at Cairo. The dimensions of these boats are 90 feet in length and 24 feet beam and are made of steel. Capt. Webber speaks highly of the work done by the Canadian voyageurs.

Bilkins, whose language is flowery, called his wife "a daisy," during their engagement; during their honeymoon he called her "a pink," and now when she meets him with a roll-pin, at 2 o'clock in the morning, he calls her a "night-blooming serious."

Clerk (to Mr. Isaacstein in back room)—"Mr. Isaacstein, der shentlemans who is looking at dot beautiful $17 coat says he vos a clergymans." Mr. Isaacstein—"Make dot shentlemens who vas a clergyman 20 per cend. discount off." Clerk—"Der shentlemans says he vill give five tollar for dot coat, und not a cent more." Mr. Isaacstein—"Let him have dot coat, Jacob, but dond make no discount off."

Professional Etiquette

prevents some doctors from advertising their skill, but we are bound by no such conventional rules; and think that if we make a discovery that is of benefit to our fellows, we ought to spread the fact to the whole land. Therefore we cause to be published throughout the land the fact that Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the best known remedy for consumption (scrofula of the lungs) and kindred diseases. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption, with unsurpassed means of self-treatment. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Nine monuments to Grant will be erected unless some of the present projects fail.

Composed of Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger, Camphor Water and best French Brandy, Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed is the best remedy for diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery or bloody-flux, colic or cramps, and to break up colds.

Ill humor often comes like chemical preparations, from a retort.

Capt. Richard G. Luce, who died at Vineyard Haven, Mass., last week, was, during his life, at sea 310 months, or nearly twenty-six years. He landed in New Bedford 38,000 barrels of whale oil, 8,500 of sperm oil, and 383,000 pounds of whalebone, and he was called the champion of the whale fishery.

* * * * Secret, involuntary drains upon the system cured in thirty days. Pamphlet giving particulars, three letter stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Heaven is a very big place, else it would be crowded by hanged men who have gone there directly from the gallows.

☞ Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas Ont., has full staff and complete course in Literature, Music, Fine Arts, and Commercial Science. Re-opens September 10, 1885. For 50 pp. announcement, address Principal Austin, B. D.

The first of living French Canadian poets is M. Louis Fechette.

Prevention Better Than Cure.

Many of the diseases so prevalent in these days are caused by using soap containing impure and infectious matter. Avoid all risk by using Perfection Laundry Soap, which is absolutely pure. Ask your grocer for Perfection. Manufactured only by the Toronto Soap Co.

"A girl who permits of no familiarities by the gentleman of the house" advertised for a situation, and she received 580 answers in two days.

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The testimonials we publish may be verified by any person who may doubt their truthfulness.

Elgin, Dec. 18.—We, the undersigned, have used Nerviline in our families as prepared by N. C. Polson & Co., of Kingston, Ont., and certify that it never fails to give relief in colds, coughs, and rheumatic pains; and we have no hesitation in recommending it to the public. W. Pennock, Postmaster, Elgin; Henry W. Warren; Eliza Powell, Elgin; Cephas Brown, South Crosby.

Ten cent trial bottles may be purchased at any drug store. Polson's Nerviline, the never-failing pain cure. Try it now.

Mr. Bessemer's steel process patents have yielded him $600,000 a year for twenty-one years.

When Report

Reaches us that counterfeit bank bills are in circulation, we carefully examine every bill in order to protect ourselves against loss. How much richer would we be, how much suffering would we escape, did we exercise in all things the same careful scrutiny. Imitations, cheap and dangerous, are being offered for that great corn remedy—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Beware of all remedies offered you as being "just as good as Putnam's" Is it not proof positive that it is the best when such arguments are used to effect the sale of substitutes. Use Putnam's painless Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Thought is the first faculty of man; to express it is one of his first desires; to spread it his dearest privilege.

The public are often very unjust but never consciously so. What they see clearly to be justice they always approve. It often takes a long time to bring them to see things as they really are, but in the end their verdict is always right. It was faith in this idea which induced the manufacturers of the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco to stand by their superior brand under every discouragement at the outset. The public verdict has been rendered at last, and it is emphatically in their favor.

A.P.243

FARMS FOR SALE.—All kinds.—Send for list. John J. Daley, Guelph.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IMPERIAL FRENCH SHOE BLACKING

PURE BRED AYRSHIRES for sale; two cows, two yearling heifers and one bull. Write for description, price and pedigree to G. F. Baker, Trafalgar.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE—100 acres, 2 miles east of the city of St. Thomas. For particulars address J. J. Lewis, New Sarum, Ont.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY FOR SALE—Buyer instructed if not acquainted with the business. Box 256, St Catharines.

CLEAN GRAIN—SEND TO MANSON CAMPBELL, Chatham, Ont., for circular. Fast cleaning fanning mills. Best in Canada. Also warehouse mills and dumb-as separators.

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PERFUMED DISINFECTANT SACHETS, placed in Drawers, Trunks, Wardrobes, etc.—They drive away and destroy Moths and other insects, imparting a delightful and delicate perfume to the clothing, carried or worn upon the person they are by their powerful concentrated disinfectant properties, a perfect means of protection against infection of disease, giving off at the same time a most delightful odor; made entirely of satin in assorted colors, very pretty, unique and neat. Every one should have them. Price 10c. each—three for 25c. Thymo-Cresol Soap, the great English disinfectant toilet soap, awarded the gold medal, London, Eng., 1884. Large cakes, price 15c. or 35c. per box of 3 cakes, postage paid to any address upon receipt of price. Address Thymo-Cresol Company, 759 Craig St., Montreal. Circulars and descriptions of our English Thymo-Cresol preparations mailed free on application. Agents wanted. Write for terms.

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Paid up Capital	2,200,000
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The Company has now on hand a large amount of English money which it is prepared to lend on first-class securities at low rates of interest. Apply to
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WILL RE-OPEN ON FIRST OCTOBER
EXAMINATIONS FOR ADMISSION ON 2ND OCTOBER.
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Will bore 3 to 38 inch hole; hand or horse-power; 20 feet per hour. Our combined auger and Rock Drill a grand success, worked by steam or horse-power. Send for Catalogue.
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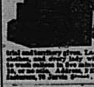
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Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal, weekly; Glasgow and Boston, weekly; and Glasgow and Philadelphia, fortnightly.
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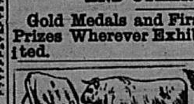

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